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THE

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A monthly magazine devoted to the interest of
the child, the progress of the Sunday School
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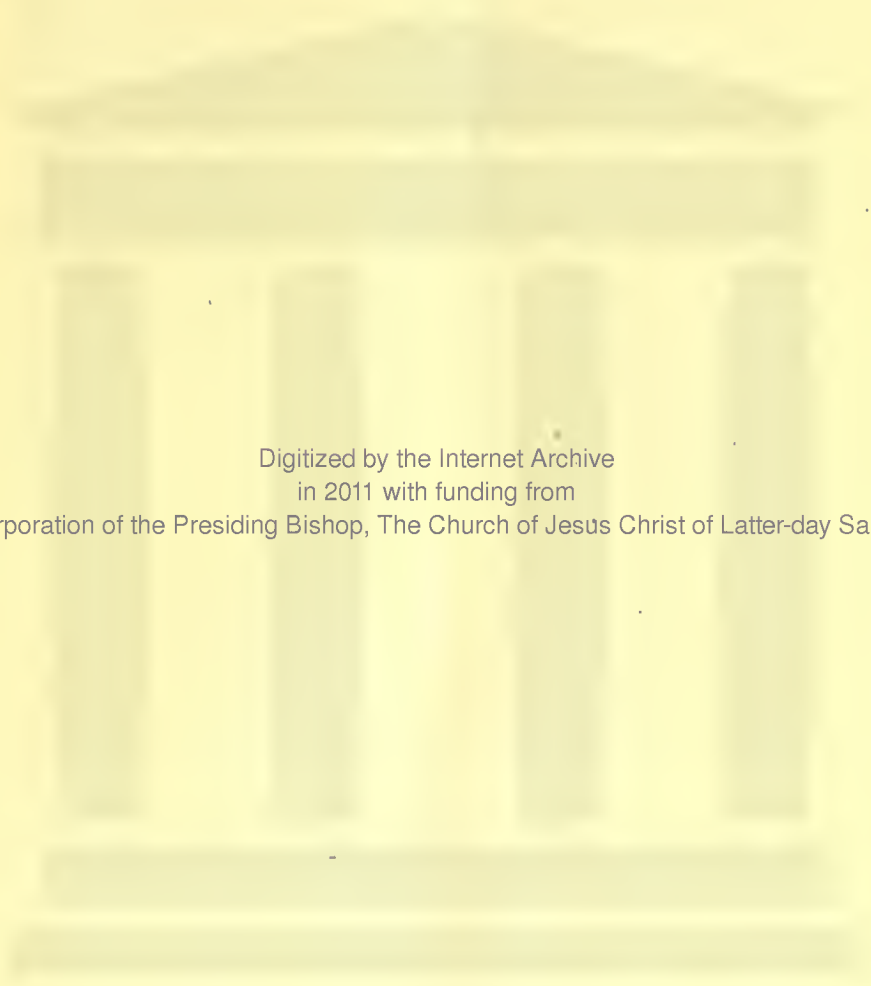
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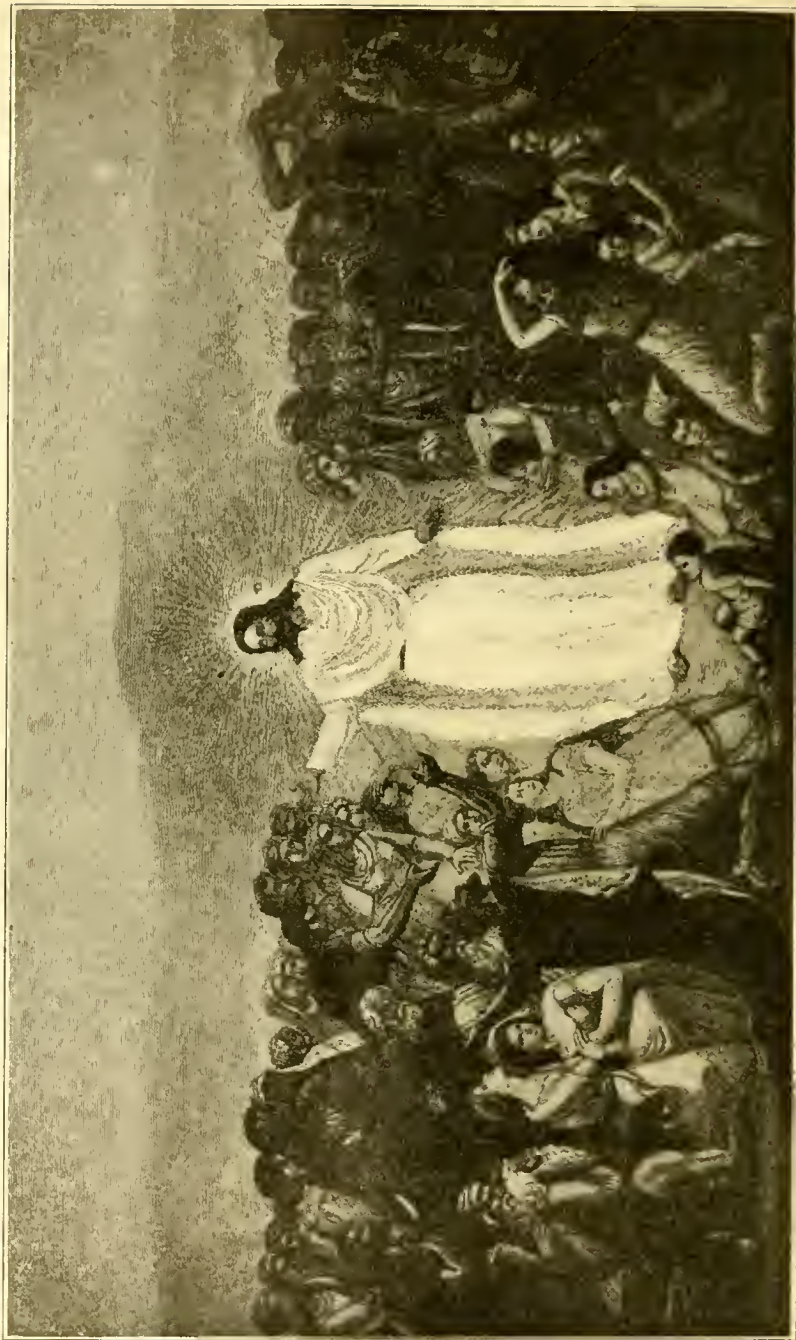
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JESUS APPEARING TO THE NEPHITES.

How the Boy Nephi Saw the Mother of Jesus.

By O. J. P. W.

Near the eastern shore of the mysterious Red Sea, there lies a little valley that impresses one with its everlasting firmness. It is steadfast and immovable as the earth itself. High mountains hem it in on every side. Bold, precipitous cliffs guard the narrow passes by which the valley may be entered. A plunging river-bed enters the valley from eastward by a channel cut through giant cliffs, white on one side and sunburned-black on the other. And far away northward and southward, rise strange, towering mountain-peaks of red, and black, and green.

But long ago, this little valley was notable not merely for its natural strength. It was as beautiful and fertile as it was firm and steadfast. Upon the sheer, rough cliffs hung bright caper plants; and under them nestled palms with broad, shining, green fronds. Down the middle of the valley flowed the smiling river, with flowered meadows and green fields on either side. And below, between the valley sides, lay the broad Red Sea, a clear deep-blue, flecked with white foam.

Into this firm and fertile valley, one day during the time of Jeremiah, came Lehi, a rich man and a prophet of Jerusalem. For many long years Lehi had sought to serve the Lord. The preaching of Jeremiah and the prophets filled his

heart with sorrow. For he had faith in the prophets of God; he knew that they spoke only what God revealed to them. One day Lehi himself prayed to the Lord, that he might be shown more clearly what should happen to Jerusalem. In answer to his prayer he was shown how Jerusalem should in time be destroyed; and he himself was commanded to take his family and go into the wilderness. The Lord God would lead him to a new Land of Promise, where he might rear a nation in the fear of the Lord.

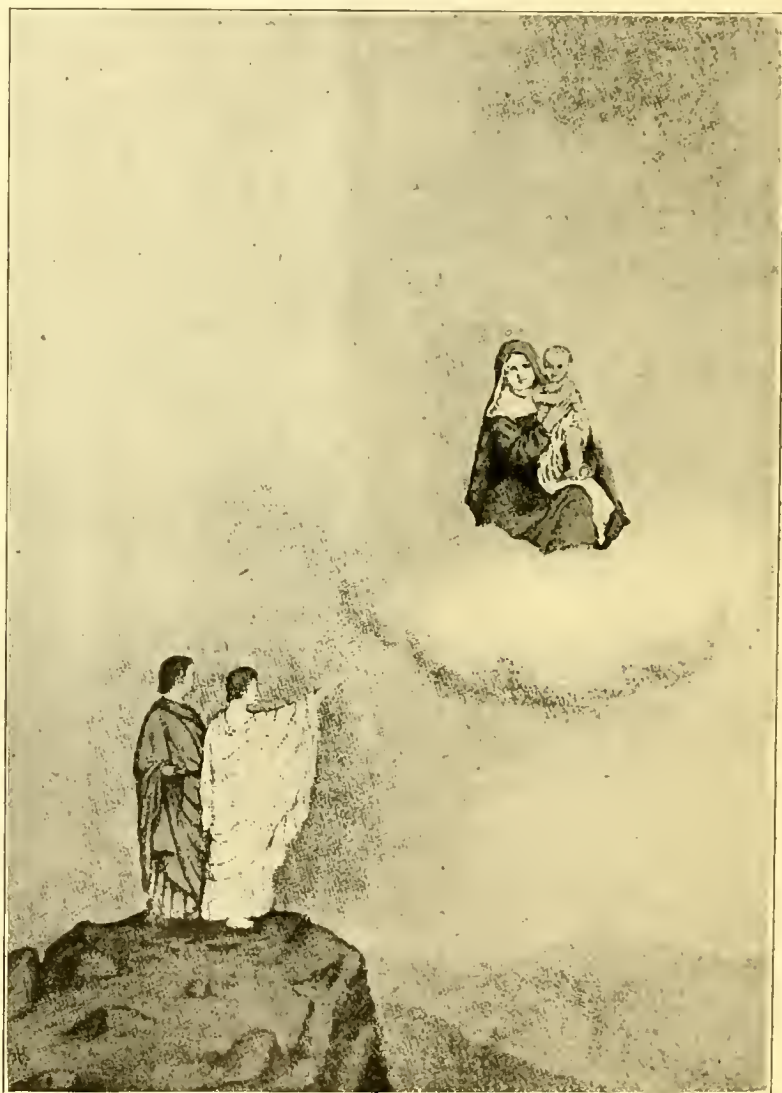
Lehi forsook his lands and his wealth, and with his little family, set out to travel southward into the wilderness. It was a difficult journey to those who had been reared in luxury. It was doubly difficult for those who had not seen the visions of Lehi, and who had no faith in them. To them he was but a visionary man. To them there was utterly no need of this journey so full of sacrifice, into the unpeopled wilderness. It is small wonder, then, that Lehi's eldest sons murmured against him, and that even his wife complained of the hardships she was forced to endure because of his dreams.

One member of the family, however, was true to the inspired father. It was Nephi, a boy about eighteen or nineteen years old. Ne-

phi encouraged his brothers, and tried to inspire them with faith in the word of God; and he helped and upheld his father in the great mission to which the Lord had called him.

After many days, the family reached the valley of strength.

They pitched their camp there by the side of the river. Lehi built a simple altar of stones, and made an offering to the Lord. Then he called the name of the river Laman, after his oldest son; and the valley he called Lemuel, after the second son. And turning to



NEPHI'S VISION OF THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

his son Laman, Lehi cried, "O that thou mightest be like unto this river, continually running into the fountain of all righteousness." To Lemuel he said, "O that thou mightest be like unto this valley, firm and steadfast, and immovable in keeping the commandments of the Lord." But for Nephi, and the youngest son Sam, Lehi had only words of praise. They had not rebelled against their father, but had followed him gladly; and they had believed in all his words.

Now, it happened that, while the family was encamped in the valley of Lemuel, Lehi had a wonderful dream. He seemed to be carried away in the spirit into a very large field. There stood in the midst of the field a beautiful tree bearing delicious fruit. Leading to the beautiful tree was a narrow pathway, guarded by a rod of iron. Far away was a fountain which flowed through the field as a tumultuous stream of filthy water. And beyond the stream, on the other side, appeared a large building, suspended in the air, high above the earth. Countless numbers of people were near the fountain of filthy water. Some of them grasped the iron rod and groped their way through a terrible mist of darkness, which suddenly arose, till they reached the tree and partook of its delicious fruit. But many more were lost in the filthy water, while others assembled in the splendid building suspended in mid-air and pointed with scorn at those who had reached the fruitful tree.

Truly, it was a wonderful dream. Lehi could hardly tell what it meant. To some members of the family it proved, too, to be of little interest. Laman and Lemuel did not care what it meant. Nephi, however, was very much interested.

He was very much concerned, too; for he desired earnestly to know the meaning of the things his father had seen. He believed that the Lord could reveal it all to him. Therefore, he prayed to the Lord, and pondered the dream in his heart. One day, as he sat thinking about the wonderful vision, he, too, was carried away in the Spirit. And then it was given to him to see, not only all that his father had seen, but the interpretation of the dream, and much more besides.

When the vision began, Nephi found himself upon a very high mountain, which he had never seen before. Near him stood a heavenly being—his guide.

"Behold," asked the Spirit of him, "what desirest thou?"

And Nephi answered, "I desire to behold the things which my father saw."

Almost immediately his great desire was granted. Nephi looked about; and lo! there was the tree, like that which his father had seen. It was large and beautiful—beautiful beyond any other tree he had ever seen. And it was pure white like the driven snow. Nephi fairly thrilled with joy and gratitude as he looked upon it, and saw the abundant fruit which it bore.

Then the Spirit asked him again, "What desirest thou?"

And Nephi answered, "I desire to know the interpretation of the vision."

At once the Spirit vanished from before him, so did also the beautiful vision. For a moment Nephi was left utterly alone. Then the panorama of the land of Palestine—his own native land—began slowly to unfold before him. First he saw Jerusalem, where he had been born, and where he had lived during most of his life. Then he saw

Bethel, and Shiloh, and Shechem, and Samaria and Jezreel—all famed in the history of his people. Then, in his vision, he saw the land of Galilee; and then among the hills of Galilee, the little town of Nazareth. A virgin was walking in the little town as in a dream—a virgin fair and white.

Suddenly, the heavens opened and an angel appeared before the young seer. "Nephi," he said, "dost thou understand the condescension of God?"

"I know that He loveth His children," answered Nephi meekly; "but I do not know the meaning of all things."

Then said the angel to him, "Behold, the virgin whom thou seest is the mother of the Son of God."

Again Nephi looked; but the holy virgin was carried away in the Spirit, and Nephi could see no more. After a little while, however, the angel said again, "Look." Nephi looked, and then he saw the virgin again, bearing a little child in her arms.

"Behold the Lamb of God," cried the angel to Nephi, "yea, even the Son of the Eternal Father! Dost thou understand now the meaning of the tree which thy father saw?"

"Yea," answered Nephi, awed by the sublime vision, "it is the love of God, which sheddeth itself abroad in the hearts of the children of men; wherefore it is the most desirable above all things."

"Yea," responded the angel, "and the most joyous to the soul."

Thus it was that Nephi saw in vision the mother of Jesus, and learned that the beautiful tree with delicious fruit was a symbol of the love of God; that the iron rod was the word of God; that the fountain of filthy water was the evil of the world; that the spacious, suspended building, filled with the noise of music and merrymaking, was the temptation of the world. Ever afterwards, when Nephi thought of the beautiful vision, he blessed the steadfast little valley near the Red Sea, where he had seen the mother of Jesus.

To My Nephew.

By Benjamin Waddlestock.

Why do you quit your mothers' knee
And toddle over here to me,
Wee, happy boy?
I think it will not pain her heart,
And surely, laddie, for my part,
It gives me joy.

For I must feel, while here you sit
Upon my knee, as if a bit
Of good still lives
Within my worldly heart; and then
My childish faith comes back again;
My God forgives.

You do not know, you cannot guess
What strength there is in one caress
Of that wee hand;

Your innocence could ne'er surmise
How your confiding, baby eyes
Strong sin withstand.

I sometimes think the God above,
Through such as you sends down His
love
From yonder skies,
To teach us creatures of the dust
To know the unjust from the just,
And make us wise:

Wise to perceive how little we,
With all our scholarship, can see
Of His great plan—
To teach our infant steps they must
Still walk by faith, and wisely trust
The Friend of man.

Tales of Our Grandfathers.

By John Henry Evans.

WITH THE ARMY OF ZION.

Scene Three.

Among the first arrivals for the army was George Ellsworth. That was on the second of May.

Not that there was any pressing need for him to be so early, for the march did not begin till the eighth; but when you are a boy and are fifteen years old and are to be a soldier by special invitation of a great man, you cannot help keeping track of time. Besides, how would it look if the army went off without you after the Prophet himself had expressed a desire for you to go and had made all arrangements? A fine thing it would be—wouldn't it, now?—for a soldier to be late at his post!

That's what George said when at home, it was hinted by his mother that there was no particular hurry. And so, as I say, off he went, like an Arabian steed on the race track, reaching New Portage on the second.

Already, however, twenty men were on the ground, with four baggage wagons. They had come the day before. But Joseph was not among them. *He* was still at Kirtland, they said. None of the men wore uniforms either, nor swords, nor rifles. And George wondered.

"When will the Prophet arrive?" the boy ventured to ask a man who was winding a rope around a big box of something.

The man looked up. "And what do *you* want to know that for, my man?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm going with the army to Zion."

The man dropped his work, stopped his eyes with both hands, and burst into a loud guffaw, which attracted the attention of several others in as many different places not far off. Also, it brought out a scarlet flush on George's face.

"What's the matter, Obediah?" inquired one of the men. And the rest looked the question as hard as they could.

"Here's a youngster that says he's going with us to Missouri! He don't look any more than ten or eleven, does he?"

"I'm fifteen, sir!" George hastily corrected.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, sir!" Obediah said in mock gravity, bowing cavalierly to the dust. "You see, I didn't *know*!"

George found himself disliking, almost hating, this man. Who could he be, anyway? And why should he be so offensive to a stranger? Was it an altogether unheard of thing for a boy, even if he *were* only ten or eleven, to accompany an army?

"He can do lots of things that we'd be glad to have him for," conciliated the man who had asked the question, and George inwardly thanked him for the kind thought.

"Well," added he of the crabbed temper, "I don't want him in *my* company!"

"And *I* don't want to *be* in your company either," George thought. But he was too polite and respectful to say so. "We're of the same mind there!"

"You shouldn't say that, Brother Smith," said another man. "Maybe you'll be glad to have him yet—you don't know."

But Brother Smith was already at work again on the box of goods. He was through with the boy who looked only ten or eleven.

The boy, though was not through with him. His name, then, was Obediah Smith! He must be a brother of the Prophet. It was a great disappointment. Presently, as if to interpret in another way than was meant, Obediah's remark that he did not want the boy in his company, George left him and wandered about the camp.

The camp was situated in a small grove a little way out from New Portage. There was plenty of shelter and fuel. The four wagons were standing just outside the fringe of the woods, and the horses browsed greedily on the short green grass around the trees. Just now there was plenty of work to occupy the attention of the man.

It was four days before the Prophet came with his company. There were about a hundred with a number of baggage wagons. Most heartily, after his fashion, did Joseph shake hands with those already there, including George.

"And if here isn't my young soldier!" he exclaimed cheerfully when he saw the boy. "I'm glad you're here so soon," he added, putting his arm around him in a way he had.

George's heart was full. This greeting was ample compensation for the rebuff Obediah Smith had given him that first day.

"And so you're going to take him with you?" inquired that gentleman when he saw Joseph treating George so affectionately.

"Yes;" the Prophet answered. "You see, I've got to have somebody to take care of me!" And he told them of the affair at the schoolhouse in Orange.

The men laughed heartily—even

Obediah. And George was glad the Prophet had made so much of him before Smith. Maybe he would now have a higher opinion of the boy who looked only ten or eleven.

"Is he your brother?" asked George of the Prophet when the two happened to be together for a little while that day. Of course Obediah was meant.

"No," replied Joseph—"no brother, except in the gospel."

George thought the Prophet said this with somewhat of relief, or was it only the boy's imagination?

"Why do you ask?" Joseph inquired.

George told him.

"Oh, Brother Obediah's a good man," was the answer. "Only, he's got a bad temper that brings him trouble once in a while. You caught him when he was in the wrong humor, that's all."

"Anyway, you won't put me in his company, will you?"

"No."

It was a comfort, however, to know that the man who had spoken unkindly to George wasn't the Prophet's brother!

Next day an organization of Zion's camp was effected. There were upwards of one hundred and fifty men present—all young and middle-aged, as the revelation had directed. Probably the oldest member there was Frederick G. Williams, who was considerably under fifty; and the youngest by far was George Ellsworth. There were Brigham Young, the two Pratts, the two Johnsons, Heber C. Kimball, and many others whose names have become household words to the Saints. There were besides twenty baggage wagons, each loaded with flour and corn and clothing and a hundred and one other things that the desti-

people who had been driven from their homes in Jackson County would need.

The Prophet, of course, was the commander-in-chief. Under him, as general officers, were Frederick G. Williams, paymaster and historian of the camp, and Zernbbabel Snow, commissary, who had charge of all the good supplies. The whole camp was divided into groups, or companies, of twelve, with a captain chosen by the men in his company. Of these twelve, two were to be cooks, two firemen, two tent men, two water men, two wagoners and horsemen, one commissary, and one runner.

George was put in Heber C. Kimball's company as runner, with the special injunction to the captain that nothing serious should come to him.

That afternoon the company in which George found himself was called together for instructions. They all sat or knelt on the ground in semi-circle around the chief.

"We shall march in order," began Joseph, "each company according to its number. Every morning a bugle will sound at four o'clock—which is a signal to rise, have prayers, and eat breakfast. Then to the road. At night the same—rest, supper, and to bed at the sound of the bugle. The drill and order is to be as rigid as in a regular army, and any violation is to be dealt with by a court-martial."

This was received as soberly as it was given. George was pleased; only, he would have preferred to have a uniform on. He looked about at the dress of the Prophet and the others. Joseph, discerning the boy's thought, asked him:

"And so you think we ought to have uniforms on, George?"

George startled at this sudden

reading of his thought. The men, smiling, glanced at their own clothes and then at his. In truth, the boy had set his heart on having a uniform, blue with stripes down the sides, epaulets on the shoulders, and a sword dangling musically from a belt filled with cartridges!

"Yes, sir," he said, "I did!"

"There wasn't time for that, George. Besides, we don't want it known that we're an army on the march. Uniforms would give us away at once, you see."

Joseph paused and looked out of the tent door as if he had forgotten something.

"There is to be absolute secrecy about this march," he went on, looking round at the men. "Not a living soul outside of the camp must know anything at all about us—who we are, where we are going to, where we came from, and why we are going. Not a word! If anybody should ask—which they will—give a respectful but evasive answer. We must keep everything to ourselves—nothing must get out."

"We'll have our guns and swords, won't we?" ventured George, his mind jumping back to his disappointment over the matter of uniforms.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "We couldn't get along without them. You see," he went on to explain, "we've got something like a thousand miles to go, and we shall have to defend ourselves, maybe from Indians and lawless whites, and get some of our food besides. Do you think you'll be able to stand it, George?"

"Yes, sir, I think so."

"You know we'll have to walk a good part of the way, every wagon being loaded."

"Are you going to walk, too?
This from George.

Joseph smiled. "Yes, with the
rest."

"Then I can walk!"

The flap of the tent was lifted and
the smooth round face of Parley
P. Pratt looked in. The Prophet
looked up.

"I've brought another small com-
pany of men," said Brother Pratt.
"Do you think I'd better go out
again or stay with the camp from
now on?"

"I've decided that you'd better
act as our recruiting officer," re-
plied Joseph, "you're such a good
hand at getting men. Only you
are to confine your labors to within
a reasonable distance of our route."

The face disappeared. Brother
Parley *was* a good hand at obtain-
ing recruits, and no doubt about it.
Who could resist the power of this
eloquence?

"In the morning at the bugle call,
remember boys!" was the parting
word of the commander-in-chief as
he left the tent.

JUST FOR TODAY.

*Lord, for tomorrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Help me from stain of sin and wrong
Just for today.
Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for today.*

*Let me be swift to do Thy will,
Prompt to obey.
Help me to sacrifice myself,
Just for today.
Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for today.
So, for tomorrow and its needs
I do not pray,
But help me, guide me, hold me, Lord,
Just for today.*

Making October Calls.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell (Selected).

"Who wants to go calling with me—with me?" sang Aunt Nell's sweet voice in the doorway. All the children looked up and every little voice cried "Me! Me!" Now, four little voices make quite a noise and Aunt Nell put her fingers in her ears in make-believe distress.

"Me"—"Me?" she said in a shocked voice.

"I—I," corrected Mildred hurriedly, looking ashamed.

"I!—I!" echoed all the others. Mildred set the fashion in grammar, Billy said.

"That sounds better;—now, off with you and get ready," cried Aunt Nell, gaily. "We'll start in five minutes by Grandma's eight-day clock."

The older little Merriweathers regarded Aunt Nell in surprise. They knew she was a very quick auntie indeed—but to get all dressed up in making-calls costume in five minutes? And put on her kid gloves, too—my!

Aunt Nell had on her short bicycle dress and a funny-looking shade hat. She sat down in Grandma's rocker with the soft calico cushions, and folded her hands in a leisurely way.

"I'll wait here for you—scamper!" she said.

"Why! why, auntie!" cried Mildred in astonishment, "You ain't going a-calling in your short dress an' shade hat?"

"'You-ain't-going-a-calling' '—repeated Aunt Nell slowly, but Mildred hurried on—

"You *aren't* going a-calling *that* way?"

"To be sure I am! I took pains to dress all up in my most fitting

garments!" laughed Aunt Nell.

When grandma's clock said the five minutes had gone, they started. They walked right away from the pretty little village and the children murmured "Oh!" under their breaths.

"But there don't nobody—*anybody* live in this direction," ventured Billy gravely.

"O, yes, indeed!—my friends live in this direction—the friends we are going to see, you know. They are waiting for us, all in their beautiful, bright new dresses. I should have gone last week if it hadn't been for the new dresses—I was afraid they might not be quite done."

"Oh!" breathed the children softly. Auntie Nell was the funniest auntie!

"We will bring home some samples of their dresses," she went on briskly, "to show grandma and mamma. I am sure my friends will gladly give us some."

It was mid-October and the air was cool and clear and buffeted their faces with quiet little whiffs of breeze sweet with the odor of blooming witchhazel.

"Smell it, children," cried Aunt Nell, "How sweet, almost sickening, it is! And do you know, it is the only bush in Mother Nature's family that blossoms in the fall? Its flowers and its withering leaves come together."

The children sniffed the air eagerly and tramped on through the beautiful autumn paths. By the roadsides the dwarf sumachs were all aglow in their crimson leaves, and made little fire-pots here and

there. The golden-rod and asters were everywhere resplendent.

"It's such splendid weather!" sighed little Gem enjoyingly.

"Such merri-weather!" laughed Aunt Nell, and then, of course, all the little Merriweathers laughed, too.

"We'll make the first call here," said Aunt Nell by-and-by, stopping in front of the very crimsonest, brightest dwarf sumach of all.

"Oh!" cried the children. Of course!—why hadn't they thought before? Aunt Nell was going a-calling on the trees in their fall dresses?

"I've got some samples to carry home!" cried Billy in delight, gathering up the bright leaves.

"I 'spose you mean you *have* some samples to carry home," quietly corrected Miss Mildred in his ear.

"Auntie," she added, "I wish we could *vanish* the miser'ble 'got' out of things—yes, I do!"

Auntie Nell laughed.

"O, no, little Miss Mildred! Sometimes we need it, you see. But we musn't be too familiar with it!"

The next call was under a great oak in russet dress.

"It's a very dignified color to dress up in!" said Aunt Nell, "and the Oak family is very dignified, so it is in the best of taste. We'll stay here a little while, I think. Sit down here, all of you, on this crisp, brown cushion. We'll call over there across the way, on the Maple folks, next. See how gay they are in their red and gold gowns!"

"Some are red, and some are gold, and still they're all Maple Folks—that is queer," commented Mildred. "They don't all dress alike a bit, auntie."



"No, dear, that's a peculiarity about the family, but the same trees—the individual members of the family—always dress in the same color every year. That one in bright red will wear bright red next October, too,—and all the Octobers it lives. And the yellow gowns will wear yellow. People who love trees and make a study of them have discovered that habit of the Maple folks."

"O, auntie, see that plum tree right in the middle of the maples!" Billy cried suddenly. "How pretty it looks, among the bright gold trees!"

"'Plum tree'?—O, you mean plum-colored, Billy. I see it now.

That's an ash. I always like the rich, deep color of the ash trees in the fall. Later, the leaves will turn a still richer maroon. We must get some samples of the ash tree's dress surely."

They called on the Maple folks and the ash tree, and on the stately elms in their pale yellow gowns. They were all in their new fall costumes, as if just on purpose to "receive" the little Merriweathers and Aunt Nell.

At the end of the long beautiful afternoon the children went home, with their hand full of bright "samples" and their faces full of bright thoughts.

The Four-Leaf Clover.

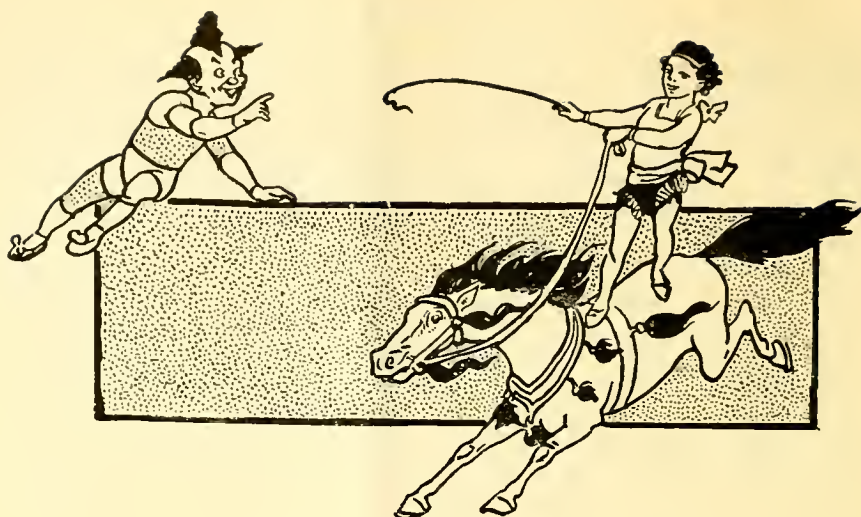


THE leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know;
And God put another one in for luck—

If you search you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong, and so—

If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.



How Bill and Frank went to the Circus.

By Annie Malin

The circus was coming, and as the time drew nearer the boys grew more excited. Bill was sixteen; Frank was two years younger. They lived on a farm twenty miles from the city and once each summer they went to the circus. It had always been the event of the summer. From the time the first advertisements appeared the boys of the vicinity had talked of nothing else.

These two boys had very little money to spend for amusements. Ever since the spring they had been saving every cent they could. Their father, Mr. Cutler, did not believe in giving his boys the chance to waste good money, as he was often heard to say; and besides, he had none to waste. The boys understood and were satisfied with what he could do for them. Every summer since they were large enough he had driven them to the city; but this time he had some business which called him in another direction and had given them permission to take old Bess and the cart and go to the circus by themselves. They

had their trip all planned and permission to be gone two days.

About half way to the city was a small piece of land owned by Mr. Cutler. The boys had decided to start on Tuesday afternoon, sleep in a tumble-down house on this land and so reach the city in time for the afternoon performance. Then after the evening performance they could drive back to their stopping place again, sleep there and arrive home on time the following day. Their father gave them many directions and instructions as to their journey and warned them against pick-pockets until they grew impatient. "Were they always to be treated as babies?" grumbled Bill, and both boys were loud in their assurances that they were old enough to go to a circus and back alone, as they were old enough to take care of themselves. Their mother doubted it. She provided a good supply of food, however, and at last the time had come for them to take their departure, which they did in high spirits.

As old Bess cantered gently along the boys discussed every feature of the show. They knew their plan of procedure off by heart. Why shouldn't they when they had talked it over every day and every night for three whole weeks getting the bill out and singling out the star attractions time after time?

They reached the old house in good time, looked to see that the fence was safe, and turned old Bess out for the night. Then they took the quilts which they had been sitting on, into the house, had their supper, and then, as it was almost dark, they went to sleep.

"I guess the folks didn't need to be so afraid to let us come alone," observed Bill, "it makes me tired to hear so many instructions and cautions."

"So it does me," answered Frank sleepily, "but we'll show them we arn't babies."

At break of day Bill awoke and gazed drowsily about the bare room. Then he jumped up, dressed hastily, and called his brother.

Frank was soon dressed and both boys went out to find some water in which to wash their faces and hands. Bill was a few steps in advance, and as he glanced around on the quiet country scene he gave a start and a sharp exclamation.

"What's that?" asked Frank.

"The cart, Frank," cried Bill. "Where in the world is the cart?"

Both gazed in consternation. The cart was not to be seen. With rapid steps the brothers ran around the house and looked at each other in dismay. Bess and the cart had been stolen!

The boys returned to the house, to consider what was best to be done. Then they made another discovery. Their money was gone too. Tears of vexation stood in

their eyes—and no wonder. What was the use of going to a circus without money?

"That is the meanest thing I ever heard of," said Bill at last, "we might just as well go back home. But won't father be angry?"

And at that thought Frank said pleadingly, "Oh, let's go to the circus anyway Bill, we can look around a bit and maybe get a chance for a lift part of the way home, and anyhow," he continued, "father won't be home until tomorrow. What's the use of going back now?"

They considered briefly and both decided to walk the remaining ten miles. After eating what breakfast they could they rolled their quilts up in one corner and taking the remainder of their food, started on their long walk. It was a beautiful morning, but neither of them was paying much attention to the scenery. Their high spirits were dampened; for beside their own discomfort the thought of their father's vexation would intrude itself upon them. Would he approve of their continuing on their journey or would he think they should have returned home upon the discovery of their loss?

As they debated this question Bill remarked, "At any rate we stand just as good a chance of finding Bess in the city as in the country."

And at the thought of coming across their property the faces of both grew brighter and their hearts lighter.

They were good boys; but like many others had arrived at the age when they felt themselves to be as wise as their parents. After what had passed between them the day before, they dreaded the ridicule they knew they would receive from their father as well as his dis-

pleasure. However they trudged manfully along keeping their eyes open as they went, and making plans as to their actions should they catch a glimpse of old Bess. They could hardly believe that a thief could have caught the horse, hitched her to the cart, entered the old house and robbed their pockets, without disturbing one or both of them, but when they remembered how they had lain awake nearly the whole of the night before talking of their trip, and how they had worked that morning to get everything done before they left home it would have been more surprising if they had not slept soundly. As they continued on their journey their spirits rose somewhat and at last they arrived in the city.

As they neared the circus grounds they thought longingly of their lost money. "If I could just catch that thief," said Frank, "I'd have him put in jail."

"Just let me get sight of him once," responded Bill, "I'll make him sorry for his little trick."

By the time they reached their goal the crowd was gathering for the performance, and they felt very down-hearted when they realized that they must remain outside. They stood forlornly to one side and watched the eager throng; for a time, then Bill suggested that they try to get in among the vehicles on the other side.

"Maybe we'll get a chance to make enough to get inside"

Accordingly they made their way over, and before long they found themselves close to a carriage occupied by a lady and gentleman and several small children. The horses were inclined to be restless and Bill stepped forward to hold them while the gentleman assisted the lady to alight. As he did so

one of the children caught her foot on a stick and nearly fell to the ground but was prevented by Frank who quietly reached out his hand and steadied her. When all were out of the carriage, the gentleman asked Bill to drive the team to a more secluded spot which he pointed out to him, while he took his family out of the crowd which was growing thicker. Then he rejoined the brothers and after making sure that the horses were safely tied up he asked the boys if they were going in to see the performance.

"No, sir," answered Bill, respectfully, and when asked the reason he told him of their misfortune.

The gentleman regarded him keenly for a moment and then said, "Well boys, that is too bad, but you shall see the show anyhow as I have passes."

The boys thanked him heartily and joyfully passed in. Their kind hearted acquaintance was determined they should see all there was to be seen. The pass took them to every part of the place, and there was not a boy in that vast throng that enjoyed it all more thoroughly than did these two country lads. They showed their gratitude by helping the two little sons of Mr. Walker to see all that was going on and he was pleased to see that they were so appreciative of his kindness.

At the close of the performance Bill brought the carriage over for them, and then thanking him again and saying good-bye they went away.

As they walked along Bill suddenly grasped his brother's arm and said, "Look there, Frank! As sure as you live that's our horse and cart."

With rapid steps they reached the side of the horse just as an elderly man approached with the manifest

intention of taking possession of it. Bill grasped the bit and held on firmly. "This is my horse," he said.

"Let go, you young rascal," said the man angrily, "or I shall make you smart," and he raised his whip threateningly. Bill stood his ground manfully.

"Don't you dare," he said stoutly, "I shall call for help if you don't get out of my cart."

The man's face was livid with anger by this time, and no doubt the whip would have been used over Bill's hand had not Frank who had darted off returned with a policeman at that moment.

"What's all this about?" asked the officer.

"This man is trying to steal our horse and cart," said Bill.

"These boys are trying to steal my horse and cart," said the man at almost the same instant.

"Well," exclaimed the officer, "you had all better come with me till the matter can be settled."

Bill was determined to recover his stolen property, but his heart sank. If they had to stay in the city all night what would they do without a cent in their pockets? However he followed the officer as he led the horse away and the man sullenly accompanied them. A crowd had collected by this time and as the party proceeded slowly among it there was a little commotion caused by a horse which had become almost unmanageable. When the officer and our two boys looked around again, they found that the elderly man had slunk off in the confusion, leaving them in possession of old Bess and the cart. The officer was very much crestfallen, but could plainly see that the boys were in the right, so let them go taking their recovered property with them, to their great delight.

As they drove along the street a little later, they decided that they would immediately depart for home as it would be useless to stay longer without money. They felt so glad to have recovered the horse that nothing else troubled them very much. As they turned the corner they saw a policeman seize a man by the shoulder and heard the words pickpocket, and recognized the elderly man in the prisoner.

"I guess he got our money alright," said Bill, "but I wouldn't stay here any longer if I knew I'd get it back. The country is good enough for me." They had one more surprise however; for as they went along talking over their adventures they saw a familiar rig approaching. As it drew nearer they found that the driver was none other than their father. He had concluded his business, and being near the city had decided to go to see the circus himself and see if he could find his boys while there. He listened to their story and then invited them to return and accompany him to see the evening performance, which they did. Then they all went out to the old house to sleep and arrived home the next day.

"So you found out there were pickpockets," said their mother.

"Well, yes," said Bill with a laugh, "but then we took care of ourselves anyway."

"So you did," she answered with a smile, "with the aid of a kind man, an officer and your father you saw the circus and got back all right."

The boys were glad to let it go at that and the parents were glad to know they had done the best they could and got out of the difficulty so easily. So all parties were satisfied, and the boys listened more patiently when they were warned about the dangers in a large city.

The Story of David.

From "Favourite Bible Stories."

There was once a shepherd boy whose name was David. He was one of eight brothers, the sons of a man Jesse, who lived in Bethlehem, in the land of Canaan. David was Jesse's youngest son, and he kept his father's sheep. He was a brave, noble youth, who loved God and feared nothing in the world; for he knew that God was everywhere.

And so one day, when a lion came and took away a lamb out of his flock, David was not afraid to follow the lion; and he struck him and killed him, and saved the lamb out of his very jaws. He also killed a bear; for God was with him, and gave him strength to overcome these savage beasts.

David's mind was full of beauti-



DAVID THE SHEPHERD BOY.

ful and happy thoughts, and he used to turn these thoughts into sweet psalms, which are written in the Bible. He believed that God was watching him and taking care of him, just as he watched and tended his sheep, and therefore he sang, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want," and the rest of that beautiful psalm, which I am sure you have often heard.

The king of the country where David lived was a man called Saul. He was the king of the Israelites. He was a tall, strong man, and a good soldier; but he had disobeyed God, and therefore he was no longer fit to be king over God's people.

The old prophet Samuel was very sorry for Saul, because he had been bad, and because he might not continue to be king. For God had told His prophet that He would choose another king,—a man who should do His will.

And God said to Samuel, "How long will you mourn for Saul? He is not to continue to be king. Go to the house of Jesse at Bethlehem; for I have chosen a king among his sons, and you shall anoint the man whom I have chosen to be king."

So Samuel filled a horn with oil; for he must pour oil upon the head of the man who was chosen to be king. And he went to Bethlehem, and sent for Jesse and his sons.

And when they were come, Samuel looked at the eldest son, and he said in his mind, "Surely this is the man whom God has chosen to be king."

But God answered his thoughts, and said to him into his mind, "Do not regard his beautiful face or his noble height; I have not chosen him. For the Lord sees not as man sees; for man looks on the outward appearance, but the Lord looks on the heart."

Then Jesse brought his second son to Samuel; but Samuel knew that God had not chosen him either. And when seven sons of Jesse had passed before the old prophet, he knew that he had not yet seen the one whom God had chosen to be king. So he said to Jesse, "Are all your sons here?"

And Jesse replied, "There is one more, the youngest; he is keeping the sheep."

Then Samuel bade them fetch this youngest son.

And Jesse sent for David, and brought him to Samuel,—a beautiful young lad, with a fresh, pleasant face, and a bright color.

And God said to Samuel, "Anoint him, for this is he." So Samuel poured the oil on the head of David.

After that David went back to his sheep again; for though he had been anointed, he was not to be king for a long time yet.

But while David, with his mind full of happy thoughts about God, was tending his sheep, King Saul in his grand house grew fearful and gloomy and sad; for an evil spirit troubled him.

And some of his servant said to him, "Let us seek a man who can play well upon the harp, and bring him here to play for you, and the music will do you good."

Then another said, "There is a son of Jesse at Bethlehem who plays on the harp very beautifully; and he is wise and good, and the Lord is with him."

So Saul sent messengers to Jesse, saying, "Send me David your son, who is with the sheep."

Therefore David left his sheep and came to Saul. And when he played sweet music upon his harp the king was refreshed and was well for that time. And David went back to his sheep again.

There were people called the Philistines, who were a great trouble to the Israelites; for they used to come and fight battles with them, and rob them and take away their cattle and their goods. There had

Israelites worshiped God, but the Philistines worshiped idols.

These Philistines gathered a great army and came into the Israelites' country, and there they set up their tents on the side of a hill. So King



DAVID SLAYS THE GIANT.

been war for a long time between the Philistines and the Israelites; and sometimes the Philistines got the victory, and then they were sure to ill-treat the Israelites and make them very miserable indeed.

Now King Saul and all the Is-

Saul gathered an army to fight them. And Saul's soldiers set up their tents on the side of another hill, facing the Philistines; and there was a valley between them.

But the two armies had not yet begun to fight. For every day a

very tall and powerful man—a giant, whose name was Goliath—came and stood in the front of the Philistines' army on the hill, and called out in a loud voice to Saul's army, "I am a Philistine, and you are the servants of Saul. Choose a man from among you, and let him come down and fight with me in the valley. If he is able to fight with me and to kill me, then we shall be your servants; but if I kill him, then you shall be our servants."

Saul and all his army were troubled and greatly afraid when they heard these words; for Goliath was a giant, all clothed in armor of brass, which neither sword nor spear could pierce; and he wore a huge helmet of brass upon his head, and carried a spear which no one else could lift, and his sword was too large and heavy to be used in battle by any hand but his own; and a man carrying a shield went before him. There was not one in all the army of the Israelites who could attempt to fight with this huge Philistine; so every day for forty days he called out, "Give me a man, that we may fight together!" and as yet no one had dared to answer him.

Now three of David's brothers were soldiers in Saul's army; but David himself remained at Bethlehem, keeping his father's sheep. One day his father said to him, "Go to the camp and see how your brothers are getting on, and carry with you some bread and parched corn and cheeses for the soldiers to eat."

So David left his sheep and set out for the place where the army was encamped. And he went in among the soldiers to see his brothers. And while he was talking with them Goliath came out upon the hill opposite, and called for a man to come and fight with him.

And David said to the men who were near him, "Who is this heathen Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?"

And the men told him how King Saul had promised rewards and great honors to any one who should fight with the giant and overcome him, but that there was no soldier in all the army who could dare to do it.

When David's eldest brother heard him speaking in this way about the giant he got angry, and he said to him, "What business have you to come here at all? You should have stayed with your sheep. I know why you have come here: you want to see the battle."

But when the brave words of young David were told to King Saul, he desired that the lad should be brought to him; so they brought him in before the king.

And David said, "Let no man's heart fail because of this Philistine; I will fight with him."

But Saul said, "You are not able to fight with this Philistine; for you are but a youth, and he has been fighting battles for many years."

Then David told the king how, when he kept his father's sheep, he had killed a lion and a bear; and he said, "The Lord, who saved me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, He will also save me out of the hand of this Philistine."

When Saul heard this he said to David, "Go, and the Lord be with you." And he gave him his own armor, and put a helmet of brass on his head, and gave him a sword to use in the battle.

But when David had put them on he found that he could not go out with Saul's sword and armor, for they were too heavy for him; so he said, "I cannot go with these, for

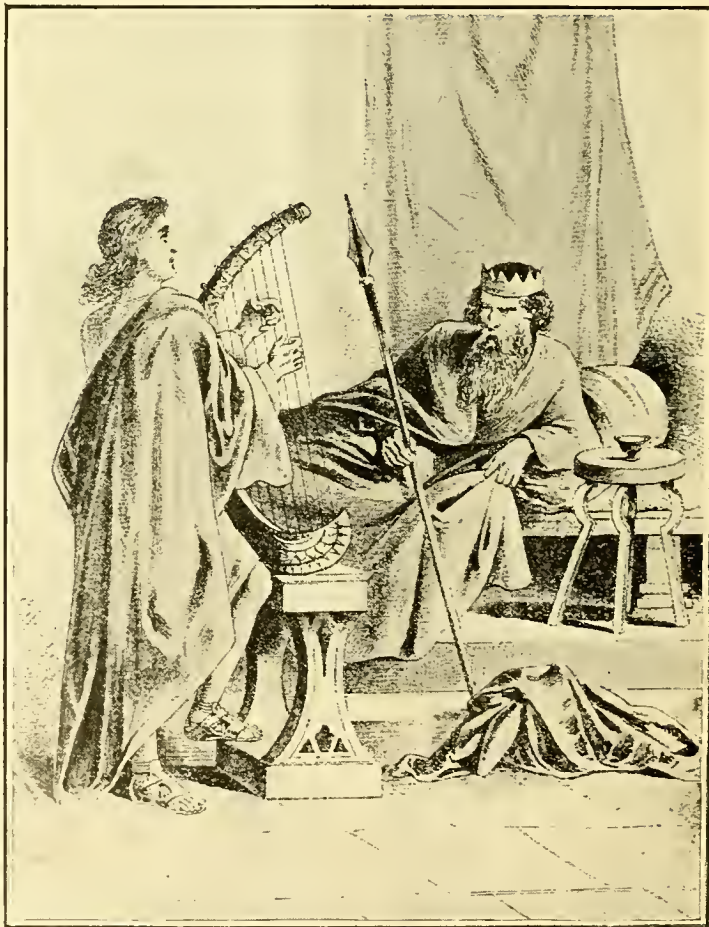
I have never worn such things before, and I know not how to use them."

So he put off Saul's armor and went out with his shepherd's staff and his sling, and he had a bag fastened at his side, as shepherds used to have. And he chose five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in his bag, and went to meet Goliath the Philistine.

And Goliath came on to meet David; but when he saw the young lad who was come to fight with

him—and not so much as a sword in his hand—he mocked and said, "Am I a dog, that you should come to me with a staff? Come along; I will soon kill you, and the wild beasts and the birds shall eat you."

But David answered, "You come to me with a sword and with a spear; but I come to you in the name of the Lord, the God of the armies of Israel, whom you have defied: this day will God give you up into my hand. And all these people shall know that the Lord saves not



DAVID PLAYING BEFORE SAUL.

with sword and spear; for the battle is the Lord's, and He will give you into our hands."

So Goliath came on, and David ran to meet him. And as he ran he drew a stone from his bag and put it in the sling. And he shot it out from the sling, and it struck the giant and sank into his forehead, so that he fell upon his face to the ground. And David ran and stood upon the giant, and drew the great sword that was by the giant's side, and cut off his head. So David overcome the giant with a sling and with a stone.

And when the Philistines saw that their great soldier was dead, they ran away in great confusion, leaving their tents and their goods behind them. And the Israelites shouted and ran after the Philistines, and drove them back to their own country.

But David was brought in before King Saul, holding the head of Goliath in his hand. And the king gave David great honors, and made him a captain in the army, and would not let him go back to be a shepherd again.

Now Jonathan, Saul's son, was standing by when his father was speaking to David. And the king's son loved the noble shepherd boy; and the two became such friends that people often say of friends who love each other very dearly, "They are like David and Jonathan."

And David behaved himself wisely in all that the king gave him to do; and the people loved him, because he was a brave captain, as he had been a brave shepherd. And he prospered in all that he did; for he trusted in God, and God blessed him.

When King Saul was returning to his home in triumph, the people came out to meet him, rejoicing

that the fierce Philistines had been driven from the land. And for joy the women sang songs and played on timbrels, and danced in time to the music as they sang. But in their songs they praised David more than they praised Saul; therefore Saul became envious of David, and hated him from that day forward.

The next day, as David was playing the harp before the king,—for again the evil spirit troubled him,—Saul cast a javelin at David, thinking to kill him; but David avoided the javelin and escaped.

Then Saul sent him to fight the Philistines again, for he hoped he might be killed in battle; but David returned in triumph, and the people loved and praised him more than ever. So Saul became very angry and jealous, for he believed that the people wanted to have David for their king.

At last David had to run away and hide himself in a wild, lonely place, for he saw that Saul was determined to kill him. And there many of his friends came to him and stayed with him. Saul used to go out with men to seek for them, and he hunted them from place to place; but though David and his friends were brave and strong soldiers, yet David would never fight with King Saul. He said he would never lift his hand to hurt the man whom God had made his king.

David knew well that some day he himself should be king, for God had chosen him. But he did not want to take the kingdom for himself,—he would wait until God gave it to him. Jonathan, Saul's son, also knew that David would yet be king; but he was not angry or jealous, for he loved David as his own soul. He used sometimes to come to him and comfort and encourage him.

DROWSILY SLOW.

By Grace Ingles Frost.

**Drowsily slow, drowsily slow,
The tree-tops are nodding, are crooning low,
Unto wee birdies in warm, downy nest,
Cuddled so close to the mother-bird's breast.**

**Drowsily slow, drowsily slow,
Incoming waves murmur tenderly low;
Rocking, caressing, and lulling to rest
All tiny creatures afloat on their breast.**

**Drowsily slow, drowsily slow,
Breezes from slumberland softly blow,
Soothing and smoothing the pucker and frown,
Sealing with kisses each sweet eyelid down;**

**While drowsily slow, drowsily slow,
Tree-tops are nodding, are crooning so low;
And incoming waves do murmuring flow,
Lulling and rocking so drowsily slow.**

Written for the Juvenile.

A Modern Hero.

A TRUE STORY.

By Alice Keaton.

Apparently the affair had been pre-arranged. As the boys left their work at the "White Front" barber shop, they were met by other companions, and seated themselves along an iron rail which served as a protection around the basement.

Judging from their appearance and the conversation they were indulging in, their assumed watch was an unholy one as their chosen subjects were anything but noble and elevating.

"Where did Dan go?" asked one who seemed to be the leader of the gang.

"In there," responded his nearest neighbor nodding his head in the direction of a lunch counter.

"We'll wait here for him," continued the first speaker "for tonight we're going to baptize his brain with fire and confirm him a member of the funnel gang." He ended with a tyrannical laugh which drew the attention of the other boys.

"Yes, and we'll have him preaching the gospel by the spirits of Satan's burning," added another whose brain was already ablaze with the fiend's fire, alcohol.

"Had all the trade today," sniffed another enviously. "We'll punish him for it. We'll git him drunk and make him cough up for the crowd if I have to pour it down his innocent throat."

Meanwhile Dan was in the lunch counter enjoying his second meal that day. It was almost midnight. His success that day seemed to give his supper a better flavor, since the tips he had received with his Sat-

urday percent had brought his week's salary up above the average. He could send his widowed mother a little money besides laying some by for the winter's schooling he was hoping and planning for.

Dan Kingsley was very much a boy. He was still in his teens, yet he bore the grace and dignity of manhood. He was tall, stately, and generally handsome, with an abundance of black hair which he wore combed back neatly, thus revealing a high intelligent forehead. His large, expressive, dark brown eyes reflected a wealth of character within. A soul full of love and tender compassion beamed through his countenance, and an underline of determination encircled a well-shaped growth. He had not been raised in luxury, nor had he had more than the bare necessities of life. Nevertheless, he had an aim, and he had set out firmly to reach it, though he frequently met obstacles.

Dan realized in spite of his success that a crisis was upon him. He knew full well that the boys with whom his occupation obliged him to associate daily, were planning his ruin. He felt it a great struggle to withstand their taunts and jeers, though he had that heroic blue in his veins which promises victory. It was perhaps the knowledge of danger which brought a look of perplexity into Dan's face as he finished his meal; but he was determined to face the situation manfully.

Never did Dan look more handsome; nor did character ever shine

more brilliantly from the face of youth than when this thought entered his mind as he sat waiting by the counter for his change.

His hat was tossed carelessly on the back of his head; his arms were folded; and his head was uplifted as he fixed his eyes on the standard of his hope. Courage and determination seemed to light up his features. He had evidently come to a conclusion and treasured the secret deep in his heart for future benefit. He left the lunch room with a firm yet light tread, but had not gone far when he was surrounded by the pack.

"Here, stop! old boy!" met Dan's ears as someone laid a heavy grasp on his arm.

"Come have a drink with us, Dan, old boy," came from another direction while he was seized by the other arm and was being half dragged toward a saloon nearby.

Up to this point Dan had showed little or no signs of resistance. But the idea of being dragged against one's will into a demon's palace by a pack of fiendish curs, was more than Dan's refined nature could endure. He stopped short then said in a clear, calm, but firm voice: "You know boys I do not drink; and if you choose to destroy your own manhood, do not try to force me to yield mine."

The boys all shouted a laugh of ridicule in concert.

"Ah, come on, Dan," urged one fellow taking a fresh hold on his arm, "don't be a sissy boy tied to your mamma's apron strings all your life. Be a man and act for yourself for once."

"Ah, yes, Dan," insisted another, "don't be married to ecclesiastic tyranny forever. Besides, we're in no mood for preaching tonight."

Dan could see that his protests only increased the fury that was evident beneath their apparent good humor as they dragged him into a saloon. He felt like a lamb in the jaws of a pack of hungry wolves. Never before in his young life had Dan felt so much the necessity of calling on Divine aid as at this time. He realized that it required the strength of Samson and the faith of Daniel to outwit the evil intents of these boys.

"Here, Dan, take a glass," said the leader of the gang, holding a brimming glass out to Dan.

Dan accepted the glass offered him and held it firmly in his fingers, but did not offer to raise it to his lips, while the other boys busied themselves with flasks and glasses, and drank to his health.

"Good-dope," said one of the rabble as he drained the last dregs of the glass.

"Hurry up, Dan; don't be dreaming over that glass all night," said one fellow who had discovered that Dan still held the untouched liquor in his hand.

Again they all drank to his health but still Dan did not move.

"I guess Dan needs help," said one growing impatient at Dan's attitude, "come on, boys, we'll give him some."

"I speak to hold his nose," yelled one.

"I his feet," yelled another.

"I'll hold his hands," come from a third.

"I'll hold his jaws open," yelled the fourth.

"And I'll pour the holy water down his throat and baptize him," yelled the fifth.

"And I'll perform the ceremony," laughed the sixth.

But at this point Dan drew him-

self up to his full height. "I do not need help. I can drink it myself," he commanded in a tone that arrested their attention and stayed their evil intents. "How much do you want me to drink?" he asked the half-bewildered crowd.

"Oh, one-two-three a dozen glasses, about. Here take this bottle and when you've drunk it all let Bill know," the speaker drolled out tapping himself on the chest in a half dazed but self-important manner.

Dan took the bottle in his hand and raised the glass in the other hand to his lips. Then something fell to the floor with a crash. Then another crash followed, before the amazed crowd could collect their senses—and the liquid lay shivering on the floor amid a glittering mass of broken glass. The awe-stricken boys stood glaring at Dan like statues, numb, and speechless.

The bravest knight could not have looked more manly and heroic than did Dan as he turned back to the boys from the saloon door, sternly, manfully, and calmly "there boys, I can work my own ruin. I don't propose to be forced. You are indeed baptized with the fire of hell, and you preach the gospel of the devil. But I will not join you. The Heavenly Father being my helper, I shall strive to become baptized with the Spirit of God. And I shall preach the gospel of peace and purity, in the name of the Son of God."

Dan disappeared through the doorway. A more shamefaced crowd of boys could never be seen than that which remained behind by the bar. Dan's remarkable, fearless act, had startled most of them sober. And strange to say they wanted no more drink that night, nor yet for many a long night to come.

Daddy's Baby Boy.

By Annie Malin.

Climbing on the table,
 Overturning chairs;
 Creeping over carpets,
 Falling down the stairs;
 If I owned a million,
 Could I feel more joy
 Than just to hear him coming—
 Daddy's baby boy.

May God's holy angels
 Guard with watchful care,
 This precious little treasure
 With tangled curly hair.
 Now I fold him closer,
 Thrilling with pure joy,
 To feel his arms about me—
 Daddy's baby boy.

The Little Make-Believer.

By Katie Grover.

"O, I am so tired of our house, and all my old things," pouted Marian, turning her back on her family of dolls which sat at the little tea-table so politely and patiently waiting to be served with the dainty cakes and candies arranged temptingly on the pretty white and blue china. "Mamma, Blanche has a room all to herself in their house, and she has ever so many more dolls and books than I have."

"Put away your dolls and books if you are tired of them," answered mamma. "The trouble is that you have all together too much. You can go out and pick some flowers to take to that poor little lame girl across the street. Run along, and then you will feel better when you come back."

"Do I have to go?" grumbled Marian, fretfully. "Why can't I go and see Blanche?"

Then feeling her mother's disappointment at her little daughter's selfishness, she said, "Well, if you want me to I'll go."

Marian loved to pick flowers and it wasn't long before she had gathered a big bunch of sweet peas, and came back to her mother flushed and warm holding up the sweet-scented flowers for her approval.

"Yes, darling, those are very nice, and you have arranged them beautifully," she said, kissing Marian's warm little cheek. "Now take them to Annie, and stay and talk to her awhile."

"I don't want to stay very long, mamma. Won't just a minute or two do? I don't like to go there, she lives in such an ugly old house."

"It pains me very much to hear

my little girl talk that way," said mamma, shaking her head sadly. "Suppose you were in Annie's place, and had no mother and lived in a shabby house. Wouldn't you think that all the more reason why you should have friends to come and see you and help to make your life brighter and cheerier?"

Marian hung her head, and went out looking rather ashamed. Still she felt out-of-sorts, and was inclined to believe that she was being punished for having to carry flowers over to the little lame girl in the shabby house.

Her proud little lip was still pouting rather disdainfully when she had crossed the street and was pounding vigorously with her small hand against the rickety door.

"Why don't they have a bell," she muttered crossly. "I'm hurting my hand, and I just won't knock again."

Just then a thin, tired-looking woman in a neat calico wrapper came to the door, broom and dust-cloth in hand, and looked disapprovingly at Marian in her pretty white dress and blue sash.

"I came to bring Annie some flowers," Marian said, timidly, rather daunted by the stern forbidding face. "Shall I take them upstairs to her?"

"Yes, for I haven't time to go up now," answered the woman. "I'm housecleanin'. Go on up. Annie will be glad to see a young face. She gets lonely, I guess, but I can't spend my time with her."

Marian climbed the steep narrow stairs which led up to Annie's room, and then stood hesitatingly in the doorway, scarcely knowing what to

say to the frail little girl lying so quietly on the cot in the mean shabby little room. Such a poor ugly room for a poor little sick girl, thought Marian as she advanced timidly toward the bed.

"I have brought you some flowers," said Marian, holding them out. Mamma sent them. We hope you will soon be better."

"O, how sweet they are," cried Annie, her big brown eyes lighting up eagerly. "And your dear mamma sent them? My beautiful lady—that is what I call her. Every day I lie here and watch her across the street. I think you have the dearest, dearest mamma. Aunt Harriet is good to me, but it isn't like having one's really own mamma."

"I should think not," declared Marian, mentally contrasting her kind gentle mother with the hard, stern-featured woman downstairs. "My mamma stays right with me all the time when I am sick."

"Aunt Harriet is always too busy. But I don't mind so much when I'm well enough to make believe."

"What is that," asked Marian, looking puzzled.

Annie laughed, while a bright flush stole over her delicate face.

"O, that's what I do to keep from getting lonely," she said, making room for Marian to sit down beside her. "When I get tired and lonely and feel like crying, I just close my eyes and make believe all sorts of beautiful things, or perhaps I look out of my window and listen to the bird songs which the old oak tree whispers to me. The one about the robins I call my wake up song."

"Tell it to me," begged Marian, drawing closer.

"Well, this is how it goes. 'Towit, towit, towee! sang a bright-

eyed bird to his little mate. 'Let us build our nest in the topmost branch of this spreading tree, where none can see.'

"'Chee, chee, chee, where none can see,' twittered back the little mate.

"So they went to work with a merry will, and in the topmost branch of the old oak tree they built them a nest, a dear little nest.

"'Chee, chee, chee,' sang the little mate, as she settled down in the warm snug nest, 'now bring me a worm, a big fat worm, and soon we shall have a fine little family.'

"So day after day the little bird came with big fat worms and fed to his mate, his dear little mate who kept the nest so snug and warm.

"'Chee, chee, chee,' called the little mate one bright sunny day, 'Now come and see, do come and see. How is this for me?'

"There in the warm snug nest three small eggs did lie, eggs as blue as the sky.

"Right merrily the little birds did sing, then back to the nest the mother did go, for those little eggs must be kept just so.

"When one morning bright and sunny when all the world seemed to be singing for joy, there was no song so sweet and clear as that which came from the nest in the old oak tree.

"'Chee, chee, chee,' sang she, 'now come and see, come and see.'

"'Towit, towit, towee,' sang back he, 'now how happy we shall be for we have birdies three.'

"Sure enough, under the mother's warm breast snuggled three downy things, there in the nest.

"'Some worms, some worms, some big fat worms for our birdies three,' sang the father bird as away he flew, and the mother too flew,

for both had as much as they could do those hungry birds to feed and teach to fly.

"That was the story the old tree told to me this spring," said Annie, "and since then I have spent many happy hours watching and listening to the songs of that little family of birds. They have gone south now, but the nest is still there in the top of the tree. If you look closely you can see it."

"Yes, I see it," said Marian. "What pretty stories you make up. I'm going to run home and tell it to baby. May I come another day and hear another one?"

"Yes, yes," cried Annie. "I'd love to have you. You see sometimes it's real lonely spite of make-believes. I'd like to send your pretty mamma a kiss for these flowers."

"O mamma, I've had such an interesting time," cried Marian, running breathlessly to her mother. "Annie sent you a kiss, and mamma, she is such a dear little girl. She doesn't have anything nice at all, and mamma, and she can't run and play like I can, but she's just as

happy and good, and makes up the nicest stories."

"I wish my little girl would go over and see Annie real often," said mamma, with a smile. "I think it would help you very much, besides giving Annie pleasure."

"I think I have the bestest mamma that ever was," whispered Marian, putting her arms about her mother's neck, "and our house is just beautiful. Annie hasn't one doll or book, and if you don't mind mamma, I will take her some of mine. I'm going to try not to be so selfish and cross any more, but 'preciate my mamma and my home. I think God's been very, very good to our family, don't you, mamma?"

"Yes, indeed," answered mamma. "Now go and amuse baby for a little while."

"O, do I have to, I wanted"—began Marian, then remembering her new resolve, she smiled and said, "Why yes, I'll tell him about the robins. I'm really going to try to be good, mamma, but you must help me. I think it's hard."

"God will help you, dear," whispered mamma.

DO we ever stop to consider,
When everything seems to go wrong,
That the fault we think is another's
Has been our own all the day long?

Children of the Mill.

VIII.

MANDY'S KITTENS.

Mandy Green was at the mill visiting the Thomas girls. Mandy was eleven years old, and, I am very sorry to say, mischievous and very much of a "Tomboy." The Thomas boys were not fond of Mandy. Boys generally don't like tomboys.

Mandy had a habit of pulling off their caps and throwning them away, or of running up from behind and giving them a great push, or of playing tricks on them which they did not like. So Bob and Sam were not greatly pleased when she came.

They would like very much to have teased her, but Mrs. Thomas would not allow them to do that. So Mandy had a great deal of fun at their expense.

"I'd like to get even with her," Sam said to Bob one day. "Sneaking up behind a fellow when he goes to wash his face and holding his face down in the wash basin, is a trick I don't like."

"You looked mighty funny just the same," laughed Bob.

"Well, I'd like to see some one play a trick on her before she goes home," Sam answered.

"We can't, though, mother won't let us," Bob answered.

"Hi there!" John called, do you boys want to go up the fork with me?"

For answer the boys ran and climbed in the log cart.

Mrs. Thomas was very busy that day washing. And after the washing was out, there was a half bushel of raspberries, which the boys had picked the day before, to bottle.

So Leah, Beth, and Ada were kept busy.

Mandy, who did not like house work wandered off by herself. She walked up behind the house and climbed on an old log cart, resting her feet on an empty barrel. She sat with her chin in her hands wondering what she should do to amuse herself.

Suddenly, looking at something a little way off, she straightened herself and exclaimed, "What pretty kittens! I'm going to catch 'em."

She saw what she thought were four little kittens, with white stripes down their backs, following the mother cat down the road. She called, "Kitty, kitty, kitty!" but they didn't even turn a head. So she tiptoed swiftly down the road after them. They did not hear her until she was upon them. She quickly grabbed three of them and put them in her apron. The mother and one little one ran away. The kittens scratched and snarled, but Mandy held them, fast and running back to the log cart put them into the empty barrel.

Meanwhile, the mother cat followed her babies. She ran along in the brush by the side of the road. Mandy saw her and made up her mind to catch her, too. So she stooped down behind the barrel thinking the mother would come up to it after the kittens, but the mother did not come near enough for Mandy to get her. So Mandy went behind some dogberry bushes and waited patiently for a good chance to rush out and catch the old "cat." The mother cat came nearer and nearer and Mandy had a good chance to look at her. "She's a funny-looking cat," she commented,

"She isn't a bit like any I ever saw before. She must be wild, I wonder what I can tie her up with." And Mandy looked around for a piece of rope. Seeing none, she took her hair ribbon, and said to herself, "I'll tie her to the cart tounge with this; it's old, anyway."

The "cat" had been circling around a little nearer and nearer, until suddenly Mandy sprang out and grabbed it by the back of the neck. It scratched her wrists, but she kept it from biting her while she tied the ribbon round it's neck. But what was that dreadful smell? It almost strangled her. She could scarcely tie the cat to the cart tounge, tie the cat to the cart tongue, it tied and just straightened up to take a full breath after her struggle, when John, Sam, and Bob appeared riding on the log cart on their return from the fork.

Mandy ran to meet them, but as she drew near they clapped their hands to their noses. John stopped the cart.

"Oh! just look down at the old cart! I've caught just the sweet-

est cat and kittens that you ever saw. I tied the cat up to the cart, but the kittens are in the old barrel."

Bob and Sam jumped upon the logs they were hauling, as quick as a flash, so as to get a look at the cat.

"Sweetest cat you ever smelled you mean," cried Sam.

"It's a skunk!" Bob fairly yelled.

Then both boys sank on the logs and laughed until tears ran down their faces. Even John had to laugh at Mandy's rueful face.

As soon as Sam could get his breath he said, "Don't let your sweet cat go, Mandy, and I'll get my gun and shoot it."

"No you won't," said Mandy, and she ran and tipped the barrel over letting the little ones out, then quickly untied the mother and let her go.

Mrs. Thomas bound up Mandy's scratched wrists and buried her clothes in the ground to take the smell out of them.

Bob and Sam thought it the best joke on Mandy that ever could have happened.



MANDY'S "KITTENS."

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

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SALT LAKE CITY, - OCTOBER, 1909

A Common Fault.

It is more than probable that every parent would raise his hands in denouncing horror if he were told that he displayed too much love for his children. The children who came through love, and who are given us in love—can they be too much loved? Is it possible that any father or mother can display too much affection for the children? Can we in any way do too much for those whom Our Father has given us to guard and keep for him?

I hear parents everywhere answer, "No." Possibly they are right. It may be that we cannot love our children *too much*. Indeed, it may be that some parents do not even love their children enough. Yet, there is, we are told, a common fault among parents which is akin to too much love. It is *unwise* love. It is that love which has not the strength to do for the children what should be done for them—if the doing of it is at all distasteful to the children. It is the love that refrains from correcting children when they are at fault. It is the love that withholds from the father the knowledge of a child's wrong-doing, because the father may punish the child. It is this love that through the sin of omission rears children in fault, and sends them into the world with their acquired evils uncorrected. It may be that we cannot love our children too much. But certainly the love that permits an evil to go uncorrected, rather than hurt the feelings of the child is an unwise love. And we are told that such a love is a common fault among the parents in our community.

This question of love for the children, and the wise and unwise demonstration of that love has been under discussion of late in the parents' classes of our Sunday Schools. At the same time the startling information has come to us that a very large number of the offenders in the juvenile courts of the state belong to Latter-day Saint families. The Mormon children themselves form a large percentage of the juvenile criminals haled before the judge.

We cannot refrain from asking the question, Is there any connection between the percentage of juvenile criminality in our state and the unwise, too-much love displayed at times by parents. Mary's friends were out on the street late at night. Mary wanted to be with them. Mary's parents understood that it was best for her to be at home at night; but their hearts were softened—they loved their daughter—they could not hear to hear her weeping—so they let her go out alone to join her young friends. Not long thereafter Mary was fallen. Would the parents have displayed greater love by keeping Mary where she should have been at the cost of her wounded feelings? Was it well that Mary's parents did as they did?

Tommy one day smoked a cigarette with harum-scarum Jack. Tommy's mother detected the odor when Jack came home, and wrung a confession from him. But Tommy's mother joined with her beloved boy to keep the dreadful truth from the father. For Tommy's father was severe, and might punish the boy. Thus the evil was hidden from one, and at most only partly corrected by the other. Tommy soon learned that what he could keep from his father, he could also keep from his mother. An example in deception had been set him *in love*. So Tommy took to smoking cigarettes in secret. He became a cigarette fiend. Even before he was of age, he was a victim of cigarette

poisoning. And along with the cigarette habit had come the many other evils that accompany it. Did the mother love her boy unwisely or too much? Would it have been better to tell the truth to the father, even at the risk of punishment, than to let it remain hidden and unchecked? Was it well that the mother did as she did?

After all, we are but children ourselves of the great and mighty Father. We cannot love our children so much as He loves us. But we can learn from Him a lesson in point. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." He knows the end from the beginning. He knows too, the dangers of the way fast growing so dear to us. To save us from ourselves, or to save us from the dangers that lie before us; He does what Mary's mother did not do; He keeps us home; He lets us weep and even suffer. But in the end we see that it was best so. We have been saved.

If it be too much love, parents, that fills our juvenile courts today, let us exercise a little less. If it be a display of unwise love, let us correct our own fault, and become more judicious in the rearing of our children. Certainly we should give our children liberty—all the liberty that they should in wisdom have. But that liberty should not extend to license. The children of the Latter-day Saints should be the best children on earth. If our great love for them is exercised in wisdom, they cannot help but be so.

Now, I the Lord, am not well pleased with the inhabitants of Zion, for there are idlers among them; and their children are also growing up in wickedness; they also seek not earnestly the riches of eternity, but their eyes are full of greediness.—Doc. and Cov. 68:31.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TOPICS.

The Ideal Worker.

*By John T. Seach, Secretary and
Treasurer Weber Stake Sun-
day School Union Board.*

The magnitude of the Latter-day Saint Sunday School cause cannot be over-estimated. Its influence for good over the young and rising generation is unquestionably great, and he or she who is called and enlisted as a worker in this organization is truly honored and blessed.

"Many are called, but few are chosen." Or, in other words: Not all that accept the responsibilities and obligations attending their duties become efficient and honest workers. Who then is the ideal worker? Let the following discussion decide in the matter.

Unlike many religious institutions, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints claims for its foundation, Divine Revelation. Its selected representatives may readily establish the divinity of their call, which should ever come as a source of satisfaction and inspiration to them. The Sunday School worker's call is no exception to the rule; it comes through the authorized Priesthood, and is as binding and sacred as though God conferred the honor in person.

Realizing the nature of his call, the earnest, converted worker will perseveringly learn his duties. He will, through appreciation and charity, cultivate a love for the work, without which it will be impossible for him to accomplish any material good. Love for any occupation renders the task easy, and the sacri-

fice light. Hence it forms one of the chief factors towards success. As to the students, or those over whom he presides, he will exercise towards them a deep, sincere interest, that he might observe the Master's injunction, "Feed My Lambs."

The necessity of preparation and study, aided by the inspiration of God, cannot be too strongly emphasized; and for the best results the preparation should be in harmony with the prescribed outlines. In the matter of preparation there lies a great test: Will the worker qualify himself in such a manner as to be able to edify and strengthen the young? If not, he is a hindrance to the cause, and should withdraw therefrom.

Much depends upon the manner in which the sacred obligations are viewed. They should at least be considered as equally important, and attended to with the same regularity and earnestness as would characterize one's ordinary business affairs. Anything short of this will engender carelessness and indifference. An absence of this appreciation for the work has been responsible for many failures.

The humble and sincere worker will be in full harmony with the spirit that should pervade the Sunday School movement. He will not oppose the supervision of those placed over him; neither will he disregard the methods and suggestions presented by those whose right it is to introduce them. The old adage, "In unity there is strength," is well borne out and confirmed in all grades of the Sunday School institution. The class teacher must

have the undivided support and confidence of his students if he would obtain the best results. Between local, stake, and general board workers there should exist perfect harmony. Each worker has his individual part in the great organization; and one member cannot say to the other "I have no need of thee." All departments have been called into operation by the power of God, and are essential parts of the great whole; and when each member is attending to his or her particular labors, manifesting at the same time respect for, and confidence in, their supervisors, then the work will attain to its highest standard.

Every worker should specialize and excel in his or her own calling. The local superintendency have their labors and supervision, and neglect in any detail will seriously effect the welfare of the school. As the head, the superintendency assumes many obligations and responsibilities, which fact must be constantly borne in mind if ideal results are desired. The superintendency should be one in spirit and purpose, occupying the position of fathers to the flock.

The teacher, conscious of his or her unsurpassed opportunities of assisting in the development of the young, should put his or her best into the work. Precept and example should play an equal part in the great undertaking. The practical teacher is patient and persevering, ever cultivating a love for the saving of souls. Ideal conditions in teaching are obtained just so fast as one imbibes the true conception of the magnitude of the work, and efficiently applies himself or herself to the cause.

What may be said concerning the opportunities and privileges of the

superintendency and teacher, equally applies to the secretary, treasurer, chorister, organist, librarian, and other workers. In their particular calling all are indispensable. Much could be written in reference to each of these officer's attitude, but suffice it to say that every position gives ample scope for originality, development, and the accomplishment of lasting good. The worker has not merely to follow a stereotype or mechanical course, but he should feel master of the situation, after calling down Divine aid; and labor to the end that his usefulness is uninterrupted.

Punctuality is one of the foremost qualifications of the ideal worker. It is one of the most simple, yet it ranks amongst the most effective means employed in every station of life. Punctuality is a deep subject in itself, and the aspirant for successful labors will do well to reflect thereon. Perhaps the disappointed and unsuccessful teacher or officer may trace his failure to a lack of punctuality.

The foregoing observations have been applied principally to the local officer and teacher, but their application extends with equal importance to the stake and general board worker. Every man and woman called into the ranks have their particular labors to perform and possess equal opportunities of turning their time and talents to good account, and of developing the work entrusted to their care. It is for each worker to understand his or her duty, and then to do it.

The ideal worker is not without compensation, for in assisting others he benefits himself. Through experience he is conscious that sacrifice brings forth blessings. He is unselfish in keeping his appointments, and is ready to forego pleas-

ure in order to discharge his duties. In fact duty always receives his first consideration. The thought of turning some wayward boy or girl from their course of evil brings inestimable joy to the converted worker.

All should aim and endeavor to become proficient and useful workers, that their time and labors might be well directed. With this end in view personal examination is of paramount importance. The serious questions involved are: By what motives am I actuated? Am I faithful and consistent in the discharge of my duties, or am I lacking in love for the work, and consequently neglectful of my labors? Do I experience joy in my studies, and in the attendance of meetings, or am I looking for opportunities to excuse myself from fulfilling these obligations? Reader how do you stand?

The ideal worker has the approval of God. In confirmation and recognition of his faithful labors he will receive that plaudit: "Well done thou good and faithful servant. * * * Enter into the joy of thy Lord." Also, "For inasmuch as you did it unto one of the least of my children, ye did it unto me."

Thought Development in Sunday School Hymns.

By Ethel Rasband.

Song singing is so natural to childhood that if given merely for recreation or variety, children are liable to fall into the habit of regarding music not as a great and beautiful art, but as an amusement, requiring neither effort nor earnest consideration; hence there may result a preference for catchy tunes and sprightly jingles. To culti-

vate in children a preference for the best—for what is essentially beautiful as against that which is merely striking—this is what song singing, in Sunday Schools, should do, and what it can and will do if properly taught.

The Sunday School hymns will fill the hearts of the children with love and reverence, if properly interpreted, while the catchy, so called trashy, music fills them with indignant disdain. It is most likely that the child will like a little catchy song much better than a Sunday School hymn, but I think if he understands the meaning of the words he will prefer the hymn, for it will appeal to his better nature, therefore it is wise to revise the words into simple language and explain in story form, so that the little ones in the kindergarten can understand them. The song will mean more to him who sings it and understands the meaning of the words.

The words of a hymn are beautiful; there is a sermon in every one, and the more we study them the more we can learn, and the more beautiful the moral. The words are more inspiring when they are sung than if they were just recited.

Music is found everywhere. Explorers tell us that there is not a discovered savage tribe in the world that has not a sense of rhythm. Of course, the musical sounds, or what are intended to be musical sounds, of some of the less civilized tribes would not be pleasing to our sense of the beautiful in harmony, but there is a certain rhythm and fascination about their music that is pleasing to them; and not knowing anything better, they are satisfied with their way of producing sounds which they consider musical. When they have their music arranged into a melody they put words to it

and their composition means more to them, therefore we see that a sense of music is implanted in our souls by our God and we can praise Him in no better way than by the use of it. In civilized life music comes in every wholesome association. The mother sings a lullaby to her babe in the bradle, the little thing coos back its response to the mother's voice. We have it in anthems, and the battle hymn; from the cradle to the grave. The funeral hymn is soothing, it gives comfort and consolation to the mourners. Is it the music, the melody, alone that does this? No. It is the sermon, the thought that is in the words. Ruskin says that music will not lend itself to the unwholesome; that a maiden may mourn the death or loss of a lover, but that a miser may not mourn the loss of his gold in song; music will not lend itself to the expression of a miserly passion. Therefore we bring out, by hymn and music that which is ennobling to our natures.

In what better way can we praise God than by singing to His honor and glory? I think we can pour out the strong emotions of our soul much better in that way than we can in prayer, at least; we can move other people's emotions to a larger extent.

The power of song has a great influence on people's emotions as is proved by the story told about Emma Abbot. One night after returning from one of her operas she was seated before her dressing table removing some of her jewels. The door to her room was reflected in the mirror and in the doorway she saw a man standing, from his expression, she knew he was there for an evil purpose, but instead of crying out in terror, she immediately commenced singing: "Home,

Sweet Home," the expression on the man's face softened, and when she had finished her song, he turned and walked away.

By bringing good and glorious music from the souls of dead, as well as the living composers, we are giving the children something to carry with them through life. For it is a fact that you may fill a garden bed with weeds so that the flowers have not a chance to grow, or you may fill it with flowers so that the weeds have not a chance to grow. So it is with the child's mind, we can fill it with good and glorious hymns, called the flowers, or with the trashy music, called the weeds, but the flowers have the better of it, because they are the most beautiful, and if properly cultivated in the child's mind will make a lasting impression which the weeds never would have done.

Every song presented to the children should be a good influence and a hidden discipline; it should also contain elements calculated to arouse in him a wholesome respect, which may finally develop into a love and reverence for the divinity of a hymn. Gradual growth and a constant forward movement should result from every song effort. A definite purpose will inspire confidence, and the spirit of the pupil will respond to the spirit of the earnest chorister. Songs have an educational value only when taught in an educational way. The intelligent mastery of the thought and feeling of a hymn is of far more value than the mere rendering of the tune.

Hymns have their grammar, their punctuation and their syntax, and therefore they require the same means of interpretation as language. The connection between music and language, indeed, is much closer

than people usually imagine. We all know that a great actor in undertaking a new role strains every nerve to make his interpretation of it perfect. He neglects nothing in the way of contrasts, climaxes, pauses, emphases and in all the points which play upon the emotions of his audience.

The chorister should strive to have the words of the hymn spoken distinctly. To most people a song is worth nothing if the words are not intelligible. The work that the chorister does away from the singing practice is fully as important as the work done at the practice. Every conscientious teacher should prepare the work for the coming Sunday and this means careful thought, and self preparations. Sit down and think over the song you are going to practice, pick out the thought of the words and put it in story form. Think over to yourself how the children would understand the song. When you are before the children strive to keep their interest, make the practice interesting. Tell them the story of the song in a childish way; tell them the name of the person who wrote the words, tell them, if possible, on what occasion he wrote the words. This will create an interest in their little minds and it will be much easier to get them to take part in the singing practice. The chorister who is ever alert for definite methods, who recognize the importance of thoroughness as a factor in the child's spiritual education must constantly remember that in studying the best in Sunday School hymns we get the best quality of discipline and training.

At home, upon the street, or wherever the children may be, they listen to the conversations and sayings of others. Stories are read to

them. Gradually they associate the thoughts which arise in their minds with the language which has become as familiar to them. On entering Sunday School the teacher avails herself of this accumulation of thought and language.

The singing of songs in their hearing and the teaching of beautiful songs to them will produce a love for music, and give them impressions which will prepare them for a perfect understanding of the subject when they pursue it in a technical way. The sentiment of these songs should breathe of all that is beautiful and attractive in nature—all that is grand and noble in life. Thus through the power of musical expression these sentiments may make their impress upon the youthful minds and hearts; may have an abiding influence in the formation of character, and be a potential factor in influencing the motives and actions of life.

As it is with language, and to a greater or less extent with other subjects, the children learn both passively and actively, unconsciously and consciously. In a passive state they receive impressions from without which afford pleasure, and which have more or less influence in determining the things which they are to know. In an active state they exercise their various faculties, and so become strong and appreciating of the things pertaining to the subject, and gain power to see them in a practical way. Listening to the renditions of others, imitating what may be sung in their hearing.

"In the world of nature we find the blossom comes before the fruit; in history, art arose long before science was possible, in the human race, the emotions are developed sooner than the reason. With the

individual child it is the same. The child's sympathies can be attracted toward an object, person, or line of conduct, much earlier than his reason can grasp them. His emotional nature can and does receive impressions long before his intellectual nature is ready for them. In other words, he can love before he can understand." To sum up everything, Carlyle says, "The meaning of a hymn goes deep."

Time.

By Lettie C. Malan.

"Time—still on it creeps,
Each little moment at another's heels,
Till hours, days, years, ages are made
up
Of such small parts as these, and men
look back,
Worn and bewildered, wondering how
it is,
Thou travellest like a ship in the wide
ocean,
Which hath no bounding shore to
mark its progress."

One of the great secrets of life, is the art of making good use of the golden moments, but we do not sense it as we should, in fact people very seldom take any particular notice of it, until much time is squandered, lost, gone forever.

We can often recover things that have been lost, for example, lost wealth can be rendered by industry, lost health by temperance and medical treatment, lost knowledge by hard study, etc., but lost time is gone forever, therefore we should make good use of the little time God has given us to live upon this earth, for at the most, it is very short, and we are told that at the Council in Heaven, when our Heavenly Father submitted to the spirits of His children, a plan by which they might come down upon this earth, and

take bodies, they shouted for joy. Why was this? They surely must have had a happy home, but they could see that they would have an opportunity to work and struggle, and if faithful attain an exaltation in the Kingdom of God. This joy they could not attain otherwise. This then puts away completely, the thought, that the ideal condition is one of idleness and pleasure. Look at the workers in our Church, are they those with an abundance of time and money, who have nothing to do but to seek pleasure and spend money foolishly? No, they are, with few exceptions, those who are not wealthy in worldly goods and who are working from January to December, all day long. Men working from 7 in the morning until 6 at night,—women who have their own household duties to look after. They are also the ones who are always found ready and able to do a little more, and can be depended upon with a great deal more assurance than the idlers who are forever saying, I would do this or that gladly, if I only had the time. In the excuses we so often hear, for the neglect of duty there is none more prominent, than the want of time, but we must bear in mind, the more we do the more time we find to do, because doing increases our power, it is easier for the one who is exerting his powers to do a little more than for the person who does nothing, to arouse himself to action. Give a busy man a task and tell him to have it done in a certain time and ten chances to one it will be done. Then tell an idle person the same thing and give him more time, will it be ready? No, for he has so much time that he will likely postpone it until tomorrow, next week, or next month perhaps. Then do not complain for the want of

time to do things, but thank God that we are not cursed with too much leisure, for it very often proves to be a curse.

The one who can accomplish the most, is the one who turns every minute into usefulness. In studying the lives of our leaders we find that they are always busy trying to do good. Can we not try and follow their example.

I have often heard people say "Oh, if I only had life to live over again, how differently I would act." We can all see our folly when it's too late, but what we want to do now is to try and improve our time and opportunities to the very best of our ability, so that we will have no vain regrets to make for time spent foolishly. Or do as the following song says, viz:

"Improve the shining moments
Don't let them pass you by,
Work while the sun is radiant,
Work for the night draws nigh.
We cannot bid the sunbeams
To lengthen out their stay,
Nor can we ask the shadows
To ever stay away.

Time flies on wings of lightning,
We cannot call it back,
It comes, then passes forward,
Along the onward track;
And if we are not mindful,
The chance will fade away,
For life is quick in passing,
'Tis as a single day."

The saying is "There is a time for all things," but I sometimes think people twist it around and say there is time for all things, for we are so inclined to put off. I often think after hearing a beautiful funeral sermon, where so many good things have been said, and true, too, oh! if only some of those kind words could have been spoken before death, while he or she was

struggling with adversity and battling with the world, how much happiness they would have given, how they would have lightened the load, assuaged the sorrows, and filled the heart with joy, but also we never think to tell them now, while they are here with us, then when it is too late we think, Oh, if I only had known they would leave us so soon! I wish I had been more lavish with tender words of encouragement and love and have visited them and administered to their wants. These regrets are un-availing now.

There are many who go through life hungry and faint, we might say, for words of encouragement and love. Tell them now; don't wait another hour. Do you love your mother? tell her so. Has your friend helped you in need? Thank her, show your thankfulness by some kind act. Do you appreciate the labors of the bishopric, teachers, or any officers who are laboring for us? if so, tell them, it will encourage them to press on. Have you some beautiful flowers to give? Give them now—don't wait until our loved ones have passed from us. Now is the time when they will bring joy to the heart. Appreciate the beauties you see in others and don't forget to tell them, don't think it will flatter them, never mind if it does, if it's true, it might encourage and help them to keep in the straight path that leadeth unto life. Speak kind words now, and speak them often, they may heal a heart that's broken.

"Say a word of happiness, say it now,
And chase the care lines from some troubled brow,
Why should weary hearts around us
day by day,
For want of friendly words be left to
pine away,

Are we too hurried in this selfish
 strife,
 To pause e'en for a moment to bless
 some life,
 Less favored than our own, with - ord
 or smile
 That turns their thoughts from ill, and
 unto God the while?"

Adaptation of the Lesson.

By Lillian Sperry.

To me each teacher knows her own class best; and knows what method can best be adapted to her own class of children.

We must bear in mind one thing done well is worth more than a dozen things half done. One thing learned well is never forgotten.

Each Sunday we have a review of our previous lessons and stories.

Some teachers feel they must have something new each Sunday, and a lesson or story must be told but once. If a story is worth anything it is worth repeating. The old time honored stories are handed down to us today because of the love the child of past generations had for them. Repetition is in great pictures music science and nature.

Our lives come and go, have their sunshine and darkness, their toil and their rest. We must bear in mind that the young child has not mental growth to understand all that which is told to him. He is a small active being with all the promises of a man; but not yet is he a man. His lessons must so be adapted and given to him that he can advance step by step.

The child's nature will unfold according to natural development, and each preceding step will prepare him for the next. Meet the child according to his physical, mental and spiritual growth.

In reviewing or asking questions of your children be prepared with many questions. You know your

children and therefore know just how to get from them what you desire.

Whatever lesson or talk you give be sure to adapt it to your special class of children. We must reach the feelings of our class. What the child loves counts far more than what he learns. This inspiration, this feeling, must first permeate our own beings. Teachers, we must feel love in our souls if we wish our students to feel our love. The need to see beauty, love, and goodness in the things we teach in order to emphasize the qualities before the children. We must reach the feelings of our class. Remember in cultivating the feeling we are cultivating the heart, and in just the ratio that the teacher loves and studies the lesson to be taught will the child manifest interest and gain inspiration.

In teaching the words of a hymn we must be sure and explain its meaning. How kind the heavenly Father teaches all.

He teaches the little flowers, bees, squirrels, and all small things, to prepare for winter.

All of these little things love and thank the Lord. So should little children love and thank Him for all His loving kindness and many blessings.

As most of our lessons are outlined for us I shall only touch upon this point. Suffice it is to say that the subject matter should be adapted to the age, need, and previous knowledge of the child. Take the child of four years as he enters class, coming as he does pure and innocent. Should not the teacher's main duty be to keep him innocent. To fill his mind with beautiful thoughts and to cultivate in him a habit of good and that idea will always remain with him. The child

possesses the germs and possibilities of a moral being or a being that is justly held accountable for his character and conduct. The great question which confronts the teacher is, how to cultivate those possibilities. Let us consider for a moment some of the facts concerning Jesus' teachings and see if we cannot formulate from them some plan for ours.

(1) They were suited to His hearers.

(2) They were full of illustration.

(3) They were simple and logical.

(4) They drew largely from the beauty of nature.

(5) They were earnest and full of sympathy.

The greatest lesson of all which Christ, the great Teacher, left is that He came close to the hearts and lives of those He instructed

Do we as kindergarten teachers realize our responsibilities. Sixty or seventy little souls come to us each Sunday morning spiritually hungry. Souls that have come from God and return to God. Are we giving them food which will develop them? Are they nourished when they leave our class-room each Sabbath, or do they go away poorly satisfied, if so when are they to be developed.

We are seeking for methods or means that will enlighten not one soul, but every soul placed in our charge and for which we will be held responsible by our Maker.

The teacher, by the method used, by her love for the work, and her interest in it, by zeal, earnestness, and knowledge, must inspire and arouse her pupils also to love it. There is no subject where this is not ultimately possible.



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The tomato can but will it?

The cheaper the shoes the louder the squeak.

The wife o fa henpecked husband is usually set in her ways.

The man who persistently sits down is sure to become hard up.

No matter how well mother may feel she is continually on the mend.

It is important to have clear vision. Even the potato must have sound eyes.

Neither a boil nor a cabbage amounts to anything unless it comes to a head.

If young Spendthrift would settle down he might soon be able to settle up.

One of the most insidious and unexpected forms of attack is to tread upon a tack.

You can not always gauge the importance of a man by the angle at which he wears his hat.

There is quite a difference between the door-jamb and the jam that mother used to make.

"There is the wreck of time!" exclaimed Jones, as his clock fell from the second story window.

There are no stripes on a flagstone, but if one falls on it hard enough he will be likely to see stars.

Some of the neckwear worn by fashionable young men is so loud that you can hear it in the next block.

A simple worm went out to play

Upon an April morning;

An early robin chanced that way

Without a chirp of warning;

And that is the end of the story.

Most anybody can retail butter, eggs and vegetables, but we have never met a man smart enough to re-tail a dog.

Sometimes when a woman throws a brick at an old hen in the garden, it is harder on the scenery than it is on the hen.

The best way to cultivate an appetite is to cultivate a field, and then you will have both an appetite and the wherewithal to appease it.

Some folks have rats in their garrets, some have rats in their cellars, and while not a few young ladies have good-sized rats in their hair.

I'm tired of all this drudgery, sighed the flour-sifter, as it finished basting the roast.

Do you ever see a man on a railway train who is all bows and smiles to chance acquaintances, and who will ride twenty or forty mile beside his wife without more than a word or two of conversation? Unfortunately there are a few such men: but none, we trust, among Our Folk.—*From April Farm Journal.*



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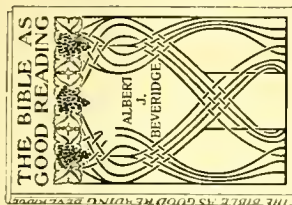
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